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LITTLE BELLS
AND
OTHER VERSES FOR
CHILDREN

JOYE TAYLOR



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The Hill and Me

LITTLE BELLS
AND
OTHER VERSES FOR
CHILDREN

JOYE TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELIZABETH PATERSON

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DEDICATION

To Alison, Amelata, Andrew, Victor
and Margaret, this book is
humbly dedicated by
Joye and Elizabeth
Taylor

'Melody Cottage,'
Wadestown,
Wellington, N.Z.

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LITTLE BELLS

The little bells that ring on high
Are calling us to prayer,
To boys and girls of other lands
They're calling everywhere.

O see the lotus flowers turn
Their faces every one—
They hear the little bells that call
In temples of the sun.

The temple bells, the temple bells,
The temple bells that ring
In other lands the girls and boys
Will know the song they sing.

THE LITTLE DOG AND THE CROCODILE

(To Christopher and his little dog)

A little dog lived by the Brahmaputra,

He wanted to get across.

My master is over there cooking venison,

There'll be some bones of course.

O'eo—O'eo. There'll be some bones of course.

I know I could swim the rushing river

If crocodiles there were none;

But on the other bank I can see one.

Asleep in the midday sun.

O'eo—O'eo. Asleep in the midday sun.

The other dogs heard their poor mate whining,

"We'll help you, boy," said they;

"One dog's not enough to scare a croc.

But ten can drive him away."

O'eo—O'eo. Ten can drive him away.

They raced up the banks of the rushing river,

And barked and barked and barked;

The big crocodile came swimming over

And thought he had found his mark.

O'eo—O'eo. Thought he had found his mark.

The little dog paddled and paddled and paddled:

He paddled right to the shore,

He flapped his ears and went to his master;

The croc never saw him more.

O'eo—O'eo. The croc never saw him more.

[With remembrances of Judy, a black labrador, who was found on the rubbish-tip, and who became my faithful pal and guardian.]

JUMBO'S LULLABY

Sleep, colossal one, in the jungle;
Howling, hungry wolves do not fear;
Father's making a nest of bamboo;
Bamboo cradle for baby dear.

Do not kick or flap your floppy ears,
Lay your pretty head on my knee:
Mother elephant loves her baby son;
Sleep, colossal one, here with me.

THE HILL AND ME

(To Tanita)

There is a hill just by our house
He looks so tall to me,
His head is up among the clouds,
His feet are in the sea.
My Auntie came to see us once
And down the hill she walked,
She sat upon our kitchen chair
And talked, and talked and talked;
I listened to her talk and talk
Then crept out on the grass,
And asked the fairies on the hill
If they had heard her pass.
If I should take my box of paints
And climb up very high,
Would they be kind enough to let
Me help them paint the sky?
I'd paint the sunset brilliant red,
The sunrise gold and blue:
The rain clouds I would colour pink
To make them all look new.
Then back again along the path
Where all the fairies trod,
If Mother wonders where I've been—
I've been to visit God.

DAVID'S SONG

I wish I were a tiny tree,
Just growing in the shade:
To shelter cattle from the storm,
To see how nests were made.

I'd murmur when the breezes blew,
Of quiet waters by,
My leaves would never fade nor fall
When looking at the sky.

And if the sun shone on my leaves
To keep them from the cold,
I'd bow my head and thank him, too,
For turning me to gold.

—From the one-act play, "Five Little Pebbles."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

THE ALMOND TREE

By our whare in the sun, there is an almond tree,
I wish that you could see it in the Spring,
When showers of snowy petals scatter down for me,
They make a veil of white on everything.

My friend the spider runs away into the whare wall,
He doesn't like the petals round the place;
They catch upon his cobweb when they're just about to fall
And change it to a web of fairy lace.

One day I found an almond in its little box of wood,
I took it out for all the world to see;
It was as white as lily flowers, and shaped just like a heart;
I'm calling it "My Heart of Almond Tree."

I went into the paddock where they leave the cans of milk,
And gathered all the daisies I could see;
I brought them home and threaded them with some of mother's silk,
Then took my wee white heart of almond tree.

It looks so pretty with the little daisies on a string;
I wear it round my neck for all to see.
I'd rather have my necklace of sweet flowers than anything—
My necklace with the heart of almond tree.



The Almond Tree

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

THE HAUNTED BURGLAR

Along the road by the moonlit river
The poplar leaves began to shiver ;
The moaning wind made his flesh quiver,
As Grizzly Beard hurried along.

Successful had been his visitation ;
And as he came to his destination
He gave a cry of exultation,
And whistled the snatch of a song.

"So now I have what I wished," he pondered ;
"Yet, why did I kill the dog?" he wondered,
"I really think that I have blundered,"
Cried he with a fierceness strong.

So Grizzly Beard all the day is haunted
By Snufflenozzle, the dog he taunted,
Whose ghost is, doubtless, little daunted,
Reproaching him for his wrong.

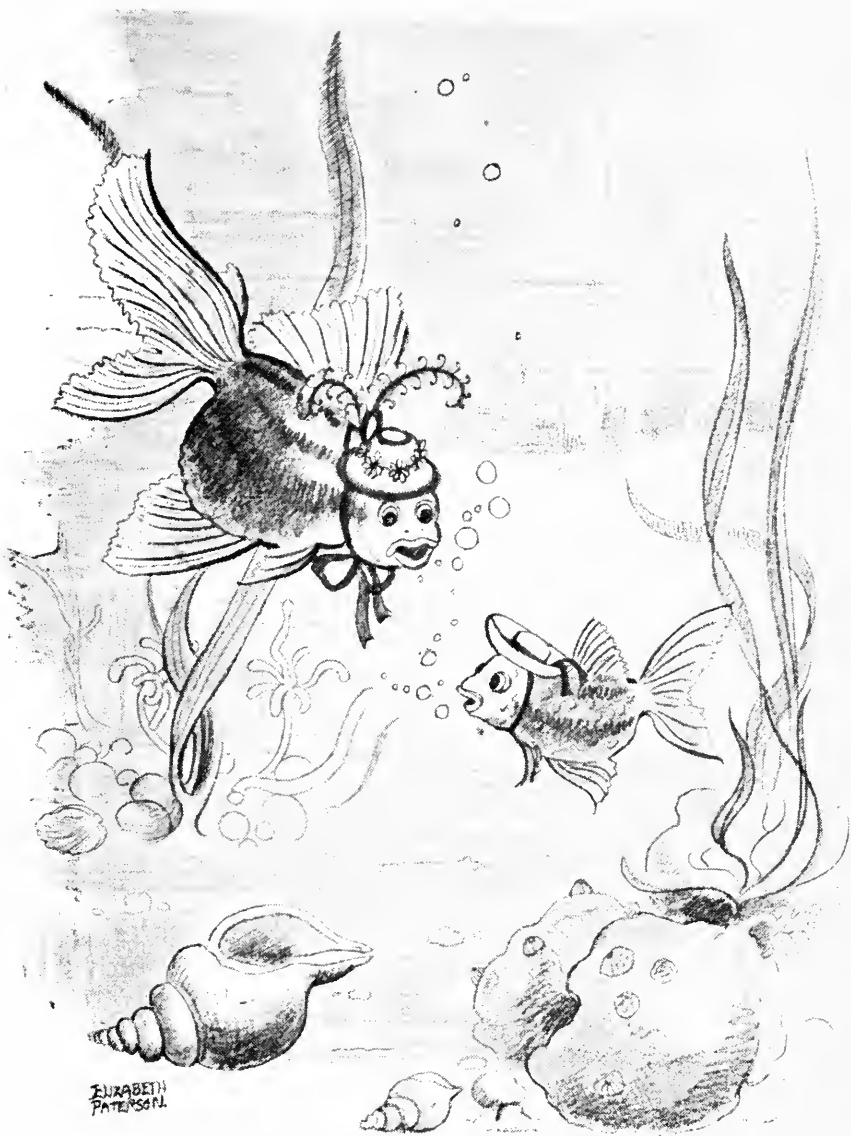
ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

THE BEAD

From starry skies the moon looked down ;
He shone upon a sleeping town,
Upon a garden, fair and neat,
From which there reigned a perfume sweet ;
Upon a lawn in that garden, where
Lay a single bead, of beauty rare ;
'Twas precious, though of immortal worth,
For it was not sold among men on earth.

Next morn when day began to break,
Before the city was awake,
A laughing sprite in yellow gown,
Passed from the east, far o'er the town—
To a fresh green lawn, whereon he found
The valued head ; without a sound
He took it up, and was away—
Into the light of glorious day.

Up to the golden sun he sped,
"Another bead for you," he said ;
He put them in a silver cloud.
The sun looked on and laughed aloud :
"A million million beads," quoth he,
"Will make a shower fit to see."
The silver cloud fell slowly down
And it was raining in the town.



The Disobedient Fish

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

THE DISOBEDIENT FISH

A little fish lived with his mother in one of the bays in Wellington harbour. One day his mother said, "I am going out today, my son. I want you to stay at home and look after the house for me. You can make everything tidy and have the meal ready when I come home; but take care and do not go outside because there are men about who put cruel hooks down into the water to catch little fish. It would be very sad if I did not see my little fish again."

Then his mother went swimming away, and Little Fish was left on his own. "How nice it would be if I could go for a swim all by myself," he thought, "just a little way wouldn't hurt." So he slipped out of his home in the seaweed and swam into the deep sea in the bay. He forgot all about his mother's warning, and went swimming happily along, farther and farther away from his home. Presently he felt a sharp tug and found himself being pulled through the water, then plap—he lay panting on something hard and black—it was a wharf. The man who had caught him pulled the hook out of his mouth.

"Here you are, son," said the man to a little boy who was standing near. "You can have him, he's too small for me to take home." Then the little fish felt himself being clasped in two hands of a boy named Peter. Peter went running along the wharf to his father's car. "Get into the back seat and close the door," said his father, "and don't keep us waiting. "What have you got there?"

"It's a fish," said Peter.

"Let me see the fish," said his sister Poppy. "What a dear little fish."

"What are you going to do with it?" said mother.

"Keep it," said Peter.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said father.

"Couldn't we stop at grandma's place?" said Poppy, "and get a jar and fill it with water, then we could take it home." But father stopped the car. "Get out Peter," he said, "and throw it back into the water at once."

So Peter climbed out of the car and Little Fish felt himself leaving the warm

hand; out into the cool air and back into the sea. He went swimming away faster and faster until he reached home. Mother fish was delighted to have her Little Fish back again, and when he told her what happened, she said "I am glad you are safe. There are not many fishes who can say they have been for a ride in a motor-car" Then she wrote it all down in a book, and if you go down to the bottom of the sea you will find a book called "The Adventures of the Disobedient Fish."



The Airman

THE AIRMAN

This is my giant aeroplane
All made of paper and string;
It takes off from the chesterfield,
Flip flap—ping.

Up, up it flies to cushion hill,
Out into spaces wide:
If it should land on grandpa's head
I'll have to run and hide.

I'll take my plane another way
And won't go there at all;
I'll signal to the Aerodrome,
"Radio from Pilot Paul."

"No landing-place on grandpa's head,
He's dozing by the fire;
He is my friend; do not disturb,
Climb higher, higher, higher."

The bookcase is my landing-place;
I gently touch the ground,
And on the tarmac I can see
The pilots standing round.

They help me down the little step,
I show them everything:
This is my giant aeroplane,
Flip, flap—ping.

FLOWERS IN A SWEETS' SHOP

The green glass vase holds coolness for the stems,
But stifled yellow petals fade and fall;
A cold electric glow shines fiercely
On rocky peppermint and changing ball;
There is no sky, no sun, no birds to sing:
No breezes in the willow whispering.

No weighted bees to wander through the hours
To gather honey from these golden flowers,
To touch each petal with a fond caress,
To give gold pollen for their loveliness;
Schoolboys and bashful girls go idly past
To press brown pennies on the plated glass.

The chocolate frogs in boxes by the wall
Have never croaked in rushes near the shore;
The roar of traffic and the newsboy's call
Drift through the gaily-painted sweets' shop door:
The golden petals on the counter lie,
Their green leaves fade in sympathy, and die.

SCHOOL SONG

(To Peter)

The year has passed
And all our work is ended,
With happy hearts
We take our holidays,
But some there are
Who will not be returning,
And in our hearts
We keep this thought always.

CHORUS.

When we are day by day
Treading along life's way,
Fond be the memories
Of this our school;
Proudly shall we recall,
Should sun or shadow fall,
Days that were dear to all
At this our school.

Our motto keep
Through all our joy and pleasure;
For highest aim
Be every deed and thought,
And may we show
Through days of work and pleasure,
Truth will abide
In all that life has taught.

Green hills around
Re-echoing our gladness:
Bright sun above,
Look down and give us peace;
Our children's children
Guide and bless forever,
Throughout the years
Until all time shall cease.



To You

TO YOU

(For Elizabeth on her birthday.)

God fill thy life with song :
That every day may be
Filled with sweet harmony ;
God fill thy life with song.

God fill thy life with joy :
Boundless as ocean wide,
Deep as its flowing tide,
God fill thy life with joy.

God fill thy life with love :
That when the shadows fall
Sunshine be over all,
Softly stealing
Into thy heart.

ABOYNE

We have a new brown doggie whom my father calls Aboyne,
A very funny name that seems to me,
That name was grandma's birthplace in a country far away---
Some day I'll take Aboyne across the sea.
We'll go aboard a steamer and I'll ask the Captain there---
"Have you a job that suits Aboyne and me?
We'll scrub the decks and coil the ropes and oil the turbines, too;
If only you will let us go to sea."
We'll take the ship to Scotland and we'll land at Aberdeen
And then we'll go a-fishing by the Dee.
My little brown-eyed doggie with his head upon his paws
Will lie down in the sun and wait for me.
And if a Scottish chieftain comes from his castle gate,
And says, "Be off, my lad—do I know thee?"
I'll say, "My grandma knows you and my doggie likes you well;
Please let us stay and fish upon the Dee."
He'll open wide his castle gates and show us all his lawns,
I'll show him how to climb the highest tree;
He'll give me kilts and bagpipes, too, and take me to my ship:
Oh, won't that be the day for 'Boyne and me.

THE TWINS' ONE-AND-SIXPENCE

Here's tuppence for our birthday,
Here's tuppence for the snails,
Here's tuppence change he gave us
When daddy bought our pails.
Here's tuppence for an orange,
Tuppence for Mother's Day;
And tuppence for a skipping-rope
To take where children play;
Here's tuppence for a box of chalk,
All coloured pink and green
And tuppence for some trolly-wheels,
The strongest ever seen.
We're off to see the circus,
There's lions and wallabies;
And so, conductor, may we have
"Two penn'orth of tramride, please?"

BRENT AND THE BEES

(To B.P.)

Little Brent went out one day to see the busy bees:
Down among the orange groves and by the bluegum trees.
"Inside a hive I'd love to see,
There's no one here to hinder me,
I'm bigger than a bee," said he—
 "Buzzy bee."

Little Brent just raised the lid to peep inside;
Angry bees came buzzing out from far and wide.
They stung him through his shorts and vest,
His hair, his legs, his arms, his chest:
He screamed and screamed, in sore distress
 From stinging bees.

His father, hearing dreadful cries, did run, run, run;
He carried home and put to bed his little son.
He pulled out all the nasty stings,
And mother gave him cake and things.
So keep away from busy wings
 Of buzzy bees.

OUT IN THE STREET

I wish I could go and play in the street
Where the other children play;
Pop bolted the gate and fastened it
So here I have to stay—
But I am big, and very soon
Over this gate I'll climb:
Out in the street where the children play,
I'll have a lovely time.

The street is like a wide, wide path,
Where people come and go;
There are dogs, and trolleys, and pigeons and cars,
And boys and girls you know;
Behind our fence there are flower-beds,
And trees that you mustn't climb:
Out in the street where my playmates call,
I'll have a lovely time.

In our big backyard the clothes are out—
If you throw a ball or stick
And make a mark on a towel or sheet,
My word, you're in for it;
But out on the street there are poles and lines
Where nobody's washing flaps:
I'd love to go out in the street to play
And have fun with the other chaps.

If grown-ups made a big, big place
Where all the children came,
And brothers brought their sisters, too,
And let them join the game;
I wouldn't go far from our own front gate—
I wouldn't run away:
I just want to see what's behind the fence
And go out in the street and play.

•

OUR BROTHERLAND

There is a continent so fair
Not very far away,
And kinsmen bold who brave and bear
Our hopes and fears, that we may share
Joint Heritage some day.

Advance Australia. By your side
New Zealand walks with you:
When peace shall reign and truth abide,
Pacific nations unified, victorious and true,
Shall lead the world anew.

THREE LITTLE 'POSSUMS

Three little 'possums lived up in a tree—
Marsupial, marsupial morray—
And they were as happy as 'possums can be:
Marsupial, marsupial morray—
They climbed in the branches and watched the big moon:
They saw the ducks flying above the lagoon:
They heard the wind sighing a soft little tune.
Marsupial, marsupial, morray.

Three little 'possums with three bushy tails—
Marsupial, marsupial morray—
Slide down the big branches to sharpen their nails—
Marsupial, marsupial morray—
Three little 'possums contentedly crouch
Safely to sleep in their mother's warm pouch:
Quiet to keep, 'till it's time to come out—
Marsupial, marsupial, morray.



The Story of Wallopy Hop

THE STORY OF WALLOPY-HOP

One summer's evening near Christmas, Wallopy-Hop, the kangaroo, sat by the door of his home. He lived in a big tree trunk; there wasn't much room really, but it was sunny and dry and right away from the road. He only used it at night when he wanted a good sleep. Wallopy-Hop was tired. "I've been exceptionally busy lately," he thought to himself. "I won't be sorry when Christmas is over."

His face broke into a happy smile, and his brown eyes softened as he looked far away into the sunset. He could see a wispy white mist creeping along the other side of the gully: his sister lived there; she was making a new home. Only that day Wallopy-Hop and his brother-in-law had cleaned out a fine big tree trunk, and worked ever so hard to get things ready. His sister was simply delighted with all their preparations. She asked Wallopy-Hop to stay to dinner, but he was too tired and went home.

And now he was even too tired to get himself something to eat. He watched the sun disappear behind the hills: he saw the shadows deepening among the wattle trees. He heard his friend the owl hooting in the distance, then everything was quiet—everything seemed to sit still.

Far away, one silver star twinkled in the sky, and Wallopy-Hop turned and went to bed. Next morning Wallopy-Hop awakened with a snuffle. He opened his big brown eyes, stretched his long legs and sat up.

Voices? Yes, he was sure he heard voices. Three voices at that. Who could it be so early in the morning? He had not long to wait before there was a rat-tat-tat at his door. "Are you there, Wallopy-Hop? Are you there?" shouted a sharp female voice. It was Bessie Bandicoot. "Good gracious," mumbled Wallopy, "I can't see her in this place. I'll just lie low until she goes."

But Bessie Bandicoot did not go; she knocked again and again. Rat-tat-tat, ratta-ta-tee, ratta-ta-tee-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat. Wallopy-Hop did not move a hair. As a matter of fact he lay down and intended going to sleep again, but for the fact that he remembered he had to be at his sister's place by seven o'clock. "Bother," he said to himself, "she will keep me talking, and I really must get away."

"There's three of us here to see you, Wallopy—three of us," the voice repeated. "Open the door."

"Not on your life," thought Wallopy, but he did peep through a hole in the tree to see who the others might be. Sitting outside on the dewy grass, he could see Paul Opossum, and climbing up a little stump nearby was pretty little Kathleen Koala. That decided Wallopy—Kathleen Koala! He wouldn't let *her* see him before he had washed and brushed his hair. It might seem rude, but there was nothing to do but open the door, rush away, and avoid them all.

This was easier thought than done. Wallopy-Hop opened the door, but his three bush friends stood in his way. "Oh, Wallopy," said Kathleen Koala as she took his hand confidently and looked up with real concern on her dear little face. "We have been worried about you."

"Yes," said Paul Opossum. "What's the matter, Wallopy? You've been avoiding us."

"You have," echoed Bessie Bandicoot.

"Have I?" said Wallopy coolly. "Well, if you want to know the *truth*," he added with decision, "I'm about to be an uncle."

Bessie Bandicoot was the first to recover. "What a nuisance, so near Christmas," she said.

"Not at all, not at all," said Wallopy. With that he leaped out of the doorway, over the dewy wet paddock, took a four-foot wire fence with ease, and disappeared into the bush.

"Well!" sniffed Bessie Bandicoot.

"Can you beat that?" said Paul Opossum.

"We shall have to do something," said Kathleen Koala.

"What would you suggest?" said Bessie.

"Make him something," said Kathleen.

"Make him what?" said Paul.

"A—a present for his nieces or nephews," said Kathleen shyly.

"That's a good idea," said Bessie, and Paul Opossum agreed.

The next thing to do was to decide what they should make. "I know," said Kathleen Koala, "a set of woolly mittens would be just the thing. When

their mother takes the baby kangaroos for a walk, they may feel cold if their little paws are not inside the pouch."

To this Bessie and Paul both agreed. So off went the three friends to look for Miss Lamb, and to ask her for some white wool.

They found Miss Lamb in the paddock, tugging and nibbling the crisp green grass. She did not stop or even look up when they spoke to her, but when they had finished she said, "I will be glad to let you have all the wool you need for Wallopy-Hop's present. He has a big, kind heart, and I would do anything to help."

All day long the three were busy gathering wool, and, by four o'clock, they had a really fine bundle to take to Mrs. Spider to spin for them.

"Come in," said Mrs. Spider, when they tapped outside her door. "And what may I do for you?"

Kathleen explained their errand, and Mrs. Spider was as anxious to help as Miss Lamb had been. She set her spinning wheel going, and sang this little song as she worked:

"Click, little pedal,
Turn, little wheel,
Wind, little bobbin, too:
We shall make woollies,
Wispy and white,
For Wallopy-Hop the 'Roo."

What a day it was when Wallopy-Hop's nieces arrived! They were all little girls, four of them, and he was so proud. When he arrived home it was moonlight. He found a bulgy parcel at his door; he brushed the wattle flowers from his doorstep, and then he sat down to open it. "To our dear friend, Wallopy-Hop, with love from Bessie Bandicoot, Paul Opossum and Kathleen Koala." Wallopy-Hop's brown eyes twinkled. He looked far away and smiled happily.

A COUNTRY CHILD'S PRAYER

Dear Jesus, in Your paddocks green
Are little lambs at play ;
Help them to keep their white wool clean,
And make them strong this day.

My mother says I am Your lamb,
You are my Shepherd, too ;
Make me to grow a big strong man,
To have a world like You.

DREAMLAND

The day has passed and twilight is softly stealing,
As once again awakens the silent night,
From far and near sweet melodies faintly pealing,
As fairies, dear, from Dreamland take noiseless flight.

Dreamland, dreamland. Soon we will be in Dreamland.
Goodnight to those we love;
Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight.

The night has come, tired eyelids are softly closing,
'Tis slumber time, and toys are all put away;
Soft moonbeams peep, and watch o'er the ones reposing,
To send sweet dreams 'till wakens the dawn of day.

Dreamland, dreamland. Soon we will be in Dreamland.
Goodnight to those we love;
Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight.

—From the play, "The Real Prince."

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